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TEN PAGES

ATLANTA, GA., January 25, 1893.

A Simple Matter of Justice.

A communication in another column, signed "Lawyer," makes it very clear that Mr. Walter G. Oakman has done Judge Emory Speer an injustice in his recent unfavorable comments on the treatment of the Richmond and Danville in the courts of Georgia.

All that has been said concerning Judge Speer's orders and his presence in New York while the receiver and the directors of the Central railroad were in that city hardly needs an answer, as the facts of the case are almost self-explanatory. The orders of court issued by Judge Speer were the result of a mature deliberation, and they were all signed some time before the judge visited New York, where he went as the honored orator of the Chi Phi fraternity in consequence of an invitation extended to him some three months before. Naturally, Judge Speer saw the Central people and if he talked with the receiver and advised him such a course was directly in the line of the judge's duty as the chancellor exercising supervision over the conduct of the receivers. Furthermore, while Judge Speer had no special interest in this business, his judicial pride would cause him to desire to see the orders of his court properly executed.

In regard to the orders complained of by Mr. Oakman, it should be recollected that the Richmond and Danville people had the right of appeal, but in no instance did they exercise it, thus admitting by their silent acquiescence that Judge Speer was acting within the law.

But there is no room for a discussion where the facts are so plain. Not only do the orders of court spoken of require no defense, but Judge Speer's visit to New York to deliver a society oration agreed upon three months before requires no explanation, despite the fact that the Central railroad directors and the receiver happened to be in the city at that time. This will be the verdict of all who are familiar with the circumstances.

A Warning or a Menace?

The St. Louis Republic, whose editor is one of Mr. Cleveland's warmest friends—if an unadvertised change has not taken place in the relations of the two men—has an editorial article in its last issue which we are unable to characterize. We do not know whether it is prophetic of a change in Mr. Cleveland's attitude on the question of financial reform, or whether it is in the nature of a menace. But it is either the one or the other. It is intended either to pave the way for the introduction of what Colonel Jackson knows to be a change in Mr. Cleveland's attitude in relation to the free coinage issue, or as a warning to the president-elect from the inside that a repetition of the anti-silver policy of Daniel Manning will wreck the democratic party at the south and west.

The Republic begins its article by remarking that it is feared by some that Mr. Cleveland will be governed by the influence of his New York surroundings and habits of thought that he will not be able to do justice to the south, no matter how anxious he may be to do so. Our contemporary recalls the fact that western men who were close to him during his first administration represented views peculiar to his section rather than to their own, and says it is feared that he will again surround himself with men who, instead of being his advisers, will merely reflect what they suppose to be his preconceived opinions. The editor of The Republic then proceeds as follows:

This would be unfortunate, indeed, for a mistake by Mr. Cleveland in dealing with the agricultural states might cost the democratic party another long term of banishment from power. The situation is already critical and it is likely to be still more so before Mr. Cleveland has been long in office. It is a time when it will be hard indeed to retrieve a blunder.

But there is no real reason for the fear that Mr. Cleveland will blunder. The fact that as a citizen of New York he holds, or rather has held, views more in accord with the interests of certain classes in that state than with the wishes of the majority of his party, if not of the whole people, may excite but it does not justify apprehension. A thoroughly honest man, Mr. Cleveland will certainly do his best to prevent his administration from being so controlled by New York influences that its policies will be shaped in the interests of New York rather than of the whole country.

No one will believe that it will be possible to so control an administration of which Mr. Cleveland is the head if he is conscious of it, and there is every reason to believe that no such policy will be adopted now as that Mr. Daniel Manning attempted to inaugurate when he had the misfortune to be secretary of the treasury.

Mr. Cleveland is much better informed now than he was when Mr. Manning represented the most important policies of his administration; and the conditions are altogether greatly changed. Mr. Cleveland cannot fail to know that a revival of the policy represented by

Mr. Manning would almost, if not quite, wipe the democratic party out of existence. We believe that Mr. Cleveland will trust the people and that the people can afford to trust Mr. Cleveland.

For our part, we sincerely trust that Mr. Cleveland has modified his views on the silver question, as he did in 1888 and in 1892 on the tariff question. We indulge in this hope not alone for the sake of the party, but for the sake of the country. Nevertheless, it is to be borne in mind now and hereafter that the democrats of the south and west elected Mr. Cleveland (for it was by means of their votes that he was elected) in spite of the fact that he was known or thought to be hostile to legislation having for its purpose the remonetization of silver. They voted for him, not because of this hostility, but in spite of it, knowing that he would deal honestly and conscientiously with this question, as with all other questions with which his administration will have to deal.

Therefore, if the article which we have quoted from The Republic is intended as a menace or as a warning, it is an untimely one. It is both too early and too late to stir up strife in the democratic party over the silver question. It is too late, because the democrats who elected Mr. Cleveland did so in spite of the position he took on the issue during his first administration. It is too early, because Mr. Cleveland has not yet entered upon the duties of his office, and has distinctly refused to say anything to reporters on the subject of free coinage.

We may argue about the silver question as much as we please; we may differ in regard to it, but we do not believe it is a big enough question to divide the party or to weaken it to any great extent. Let us talk about it, if you please, but let us leave menaces and warnings to the republicans. Mr. Cleveland will do what he thinks is right, and we believe the democratic party will be stronger at the close of his administration than it is now.

A Few Timely Words.

It will be admitted by most fair-minded citizens, without regard to party lines, that an outgoing administration in its last hours should act very conservatively in all matters having a bearing upon the public interests that should be committed to the care of the new administration. Especially does this hold good in the case of important appointments made to fill vacancies occurring just before a new administration comes in. Under such circumstances it would be indecorous and unfair to appoint to office partisans who would not be in sympathy with the sentiment of the country as voiced in the changed status of parties.

Just at this time, when the death of Justice Lamar has cast a shadow over the country, it is to be feared that partisans will be found who will urge President Harrison to make an appointment to fill the existing vacancy on the supreme court bench. Such an appointment would be unnecessary, untimely and in bad taste, and it would be bad public policy. The matter should be allowed to rest until Mr. Cleveland in the course of a few weeks enters upon the discharge of his duties, and even then the vacant place should not be filled without mature deliberation. The successor of Justice Lamar must be something more than an average able lawyer. The late judge represented the best type of high-minded manhood and scholarship. Learned in the law, he was also conspicuous for his attainments in other lines of thought and action, and his brilliant mind, his lofty chivalry and his wide range of knowledge commanded the admiration and respect of all.

Such a man's place cannot be easily filled, and there should be no haste about it. In the event, however, of a nomination by President Harrison the democrats in the senate should see to it that the matter be held back until after the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland. They will have an excellent precedent in the action of the senate when President Cleveland nominated General Stevenson to fill a vacant judgeship in the District of Columbia. The nomination was made in February, but the senate refused to confirm it because Mr. Harrison's term of office would begin in a few days or weeks, and it was generally conceded that it was due to him not to make an appointment at that time.

This is the proper view, and our democratic senators may be relied upon to uphold it whenever the occasion arises. Still, it is to be hoped that President Harrison will not make any effort to control matters that should be shaped by his successor.

The Shadow of a Name.

The announcement has reached Paris that Prince Victor Napoleon will issue a manifesto to the people of France in which he will invoke the name of his great ancestor, and declare that a pure government free from Panama corruption can only be found in a Bonaparte dynasty.

We are informed by the cable that this announcement fell flat and did not create a ripple of interest. Nobody discusses it and nobody cares to see the manifesto. The name of Bonaparte was the mightiest one on earth in the old days, but only its shadow remains. Something more than a name is required to conjure with. The first Napoleon was a genius, a man of men, bright intellect, the foremost man of all the world. His successor, Louis Napoleon, had far more ability than he has received credit for. The military works written by him years before he dashed into France and captured a crown through the devious road of the presidency would have made his reputation if he had never done anything else. If we could forget Sedan, he would be called a great man, but failure eclipsed his real worth, and it will be a long time before he takes his proper place in history.

These two Napoleons had something back of their names—something solid. But Victor Napoleon stands on a different footing. The youngster may be both brilliant and brave, but people have not found it out. He has never won his spurs. He has done nothing. The French people see in him nothing but a good-looking, well educated young gentleman who accidentally bears a great name and is disposed to swagger about in a cocked hat claiming the earth.

The Napoleonic charm will work no longer. Even Boulanger, were he still alive, would stand a better chance than Prince Victor. It is all right. The Bonapartes have had their day, and they

have fulfilled their destiny. They must make way for men of the people who are fitted to illustrate triumphant democracy.

Sheep and the Negro Problem.

A subscriber to Elmira, N. Y., takes occasion, in renewing his subscription to The Weekly Constitution, to advert to the fact that two New Yorkers who came to Georgia and settled near Atlanta for the purpose of raising mutton for the market were compelled to pull up their stakes and return home on account of the ravages of sheep-killing curs.

He says the farmers of New York have found that a dog tax is ineffectual as a remedy, so that now the towns are made to pay for all sheep killed by dogs. Where sheep are killed by dogs, the town assessors, at the request of the owner, must view the dead sheep and fix the value. The town board audits the bill and the supervisor pays the owner. This, our correspondent says, leads to the destruction of hundreds of worthless dogs.

This is no doubt a feasible plan in New York state, but we are of the opinion that it would fail in Georgia, where the towns are widely scattered, and where the township system is not in vogue. It is true the charge might be levied in the militia districts, but the machinery for carrying out the plan with any degree of success is lacking. Our militia beats serve only as justice districts.

Our Elmira subscriber, in the course of his letter, makes this additional remark, which is of interest to the people of the south: "Your correspondent on the dog question says that northerners do not fear the negro, but I say they do. The fear of negro ravishers keeps many worthy farmers and herders from going south."

The remark is suggestive. No doubt we have stumbled on the real reason why the sturdy farmers of the north and northwest do not leave an inhospitable and, for the most part, unprofitable climate, and settle in the south where nature has lavished her most inspiring favors.

Our northern friends now have little fear of negro ravishers. The remedy which has been applied has had a tendency to put an end to such criminal enterprises. At its worst, only those are the victims who neglect or refuse to take the precautions that common sense dictates.

The negro problem has many hard knots and undoubtedly this is one of them.

It is noticed by the keen-eyed newspapers that Mr. Carl Schurz didn't have time to attend the funeral of Mr. Hayes, although Mr. Hayes gave him a cabinet position. But let us not judge Mr. Schurz too harshly. Perhaps he was unable to escape from the Tennessee editor, who has been camping under his catails during the cold spell.

Ryndard Kipling's new house is ninety feet long, but he thinks it ought to be much larger to hold him and the baby.

The style in which the French authorities banish newspaper correspondents shows that it is not well for a talented journalist to roost in the midst of a nervous republic.

A Tennessee judge has refused to punish people who steal coal from the combine. He goes on the principle that necessity is a higher law than that which is written on the statute books.

Editor Godkin is denouncing Tammany now, but it is perhaps too late. During the campaign, when Tammany was a fair target for the mugwumps, Editor Godkin spiked his guns.

It is stated that \$2,000,000 of Panama canal money was turned loose in this thrifty and growing republic. We'll bet a thrup against a tin whistle that not a dollar was permitted to escape.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Ten of Missouri's twenty-seven governors came from Kentucky.

Bismarck says that all he cares for now is to remain at home with his family.

Reports from England state that the steady decline in early marriages, first noticed in 1874, is still on the increase. No cause is assigned.

Perhaps the weight of a man's brain signifies very little. Butler's weighed more than Webster's, and Gulliver's weighed four ounces more than Byron's.

There is nothing in the report that the prince of Wales will visit the world's fair. His engagements during the year will make it impossible for him to come.

The Washington Post wants to know what the failure is. The disease carries off old and young, short men and tall men, the high livers and the abstemious. What is it?

An anti-circumlocution league just started in London already has 8,000 members. The queen and the princess of Wales have been annoyed to find that the league is interfering and circumlocution may carry the day.

The daughter of Lord Brassey is to marry Lord Selkirk, grandson and heir of the duke of Richmond. Lord Brassey's father became a life as a day laborer and married a match girl. It will be seen that the Brasseys are getting up in the world.

The bishop of Chester has recently notified the earl and countess of Shrewsbury that as the countess is a divorced woman the two are outside the pale of the church and cannot partake of holy communion. Their gifts to the poor must be personally distributed and not go through the vicar.

SOUTHERN NEWS NOTES.

A Raleigh liquor dealer gave 2,000 pounds of flour to the poor.

It is said that the discontinuance of newspaper subscriptions will, after February 1st, result in an exodus of some of the newspaper men from Austin, Tex.

The birds are freezing in North Carolina. They can get nothing to eat and are dying from starvation as well as cold. In 187 the same thing happened and partridges were driven out. Numbers of farmers are feeding them and trying to keep them from freezing, but it is hard work.

Lettory men are said to be at work in Greenville. It is reported that policy men, three in number, took in \$5,000 in clear profit for the month of December, 1891. The grand jury has been requested to investigate them.

"Florida's rolling exposition" is a state fair on wheels, a tenth wonder of the world. It is the most remarkable car on either continent, has been entered by more people on the inside, gazed at by more people on the outside than any car ever built in the history of railroading and has done Florida more good than all the fairs she ever held.

A queer rabbit story, which beats "Uncle Remus" at his best, comes from Davidson, N. C. Mr. John Hendrick killed a very large rabbit during the snow. It had a large raised tail on the inside of its leg which he cut into and found between the teeth and hide two leather-winged bats, which were full grown. The bats were fastened to the flesh of the rabbit by a leader or something

similar. There was not a broken place in the hide until Mr. Hendrick cut it.

The Charlotte Observer says that the city has been cleared of a number of that class, used as a shelter for the poor, and that it melted the snow as a hot iron would have done, and evaporation followed, leaving no trace. It has been commented upon as a strange thing why salt has not been placed on the street car tracks. A barrel or two of salt would prove cheaper than a big squad of hired laborers.

A Chattanooga barber has an Irish water spaniel who, from a point of intelligence, is hard to excel. When the dog was four months old he became jealous of an owl that was in the house, and while the family were out of sight, he first dug a hole in the ground and then proceeded to put the owl in it and cover it up alive. The dog is on to "raining the growler," goes to the milk depot, does all kinds of tricks, waltzes beautifully, carries soap suds up and down stairs, distinguishes towels and does numerous other things.

Colonel J. B. Vance, in a letter to The Tennesseean, says that a number of people misapprehend the location of old Shiloh. Shiloh of Sumner county, is not the place where the battle was fought. The Shiloh of war renown is in McNairy county, west Tennessee, and "old" Shiloh, where the first Presbyterian church was organized in 1793, was on the Huntsville pike of Sumner county. The town of Tennessee was not organized till three years after old Shiloh church was founded. An oak tree, supposed to be three hundred years old, is still standing on Branham's hill, near which the old church stood.

JUST FROM GEORGIA.

Valin Mr. Jenkins.

Jim Jenkins was the vainest man a mortal ever seed:

The people wondered at him for an' nigh; If he saw two women talkin' on the grocery corner he'd

Jes' swear they stopp'd to see him passin' by. If you told him that the editor had made a little note

'Bout his bein' seen a-walkin' on the street, He'd run up, where the first Presbyterian

Jes' what was wrong, sayin' 'till he found 'An' read the thing to every man he'd meet.

There warn't a feller like him for a hundred miles aroun'.

For when he come to die he smil'd an' said: "The angels will be jealous, for I always knew

Would be mightily becomin' of my head!"

Always in the Lead.

"And you say you have an enterprising town?"

"You're right we have. We don't let any town get ahead of us. We've had the cholera six weeks, and there ain't another town in the district that's had a touch of it. We always lead."

The Sheelman Graphic starts out well, with Mr. E. Twiss as editor and proprietor and Mr. J. N. Watts as local editor. It is an eight-column, four-page paper, and contains much interesting news.

Mr. A. S. Cunningham, editor of The Confederate Veteran, has just issued the first number of his excellent paper. Mr. Cunningham is a veteran himself, and his work shows that he possesses considerable editorial ability. The Confederate Veteran has "come to stay."

Editor Turner, of The Pickens County Herald, makes this announcement:

"We have employed a man with a backbone like a hickory log and a fat like a sledge hammer to collect for us. He will do our bidding and have his temper up when you meet him and nothing but cash will offend his wrath."

Song of the Office Seeker.

I wish I lived in Georgia,
 Ho, ho, ho!

In Georgia land I'd take my stand
 And then an' off I'd demand.

And make old Grant show his hand
 Away down south in Georgia!

Editor Anderson, in his bright Covington Star, pays this compliment to the people of Atlanta:

"Atlanta has more high-hearted, generous and liberal people than the entire rest of any city in Georgia. They not only remember the poor in their time of need, but they do so with a more generous and unselfish help than a liberal and unselfish hand."

The Pickens County Herald is just one year old, and is as bright and lively as can be. Editor Turner starts the new year under the most favorable auspices and his contemporaries certainly wish him success.

The Rural Postoffice.

Fifteen widows to get it pay,
 And forty men in fear

Await the word that will know the pay
 Is thirteen dollars a year!

The editor of The Buford Gazette offers free tuition for a whole year to the boy or girl who gets him ten new subscribers. A good school in connection with a weekly newspaper is a great help to the editor.

Mercy on us! Belford's Magazine for this month publishes the following as a genuine poem:

A monarch, crowned of cities, hastes to spring!
 She beckons to the nations, "Hither bring
 All of your best and richest as you may."
 Full-armed I leap to life. Behold, today,
 I am Chicago. Listen and obey!
 That is the worst blow Chicago has had since the fire.

Some Georgia Philosophy.

The born editor is the man who splits rails all his days, and was never known to read a newspaper.

Self-made men are getting to be almost as numerous as the men the Lord made.

The vain man is only appreciative of the sunshine because it enables him to admire his shadow.

You can always tell the man who never takes a newspaper. He is the fellow who clings to the north and south with his pipe and electric lamp and then uses the city for damages.

Every man has his price. The fellow who won't sell his vote for cash takes a fat office telling him he will take a fat office saying grace over a free dinner.

The editor of The Sylvan Telephone is in trouble. He recently advertised a puzzle for a pill firm in Canada. Parties who worked the puzzle correctly were to receive a pair of Shetland ponies, or a watch and piano. But though hundreds of correct answers were forthcoming, and now the editor of The Telephone says:

"The Telephone has written the old fellow of the puzzle. We will take out our advertising bill in pills, and if by any chance he should accept the proposition we will send him a box of pills on hand and intend sending them out as premiums to our subscribers."

Retired with Honor.

From The Jacksonville, Fla., Metropolis. When the majority of Philadelphia was tendered to the late John W. Forney, then a successful newspaper proprietor, he most positively declined the proud position offered him. Then it was that the artist

Nast made him famous in one of his full-page cartoons. He was represented in a full-length figure, with one hand upon his heart and the other stretched forth and baying in the great a massive quill pen. Under this figure was the declaration that has become embelished in immortality, with other grand words, and marked a good newspaper is greater than he that rule a city."

But when the people of Atlanta, Ga., tendered the position of mayor of that great metropolis to the late Alderman William A. Hemphill, of The Constitution, he seemed to feel that a man of sufficient public spirit and financial ability might make a good newspaper and rule a great city at the same time.

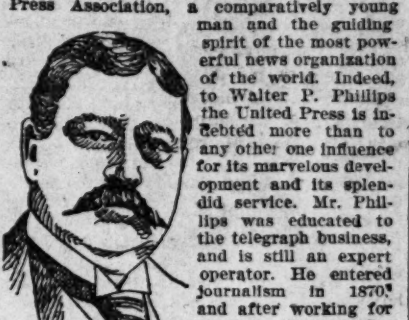
At all events he accepted the trust and has just closed the most successful municipal administration that city has ever enjoyed, and retired with the welcome plaudits, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." And the good name and fame of his great daily newspaper has been equal to that of the great "Empire City of the South" under his able administration.

Mr. Hemphill is a native Georgian, raised at Athens, in whose State university he was educated. After a gallant service in the confederate army he came home to start a new life with humble means and to sta-

ving influences except black perseverance and fine business instincts. When he became business manager of The Constitution it was a very poor piece of property, but his admirable methods soon put it on its feet and pushed it to the front until it is the most valuable newspaper property this side of Baltimore, Md.

ETCHED AND SKETCHED.

Probably the most conspicuous feature in the field of American journalism today is Walter P. Phillips general manager of the United Press Association, a comparatively young man and the guiding spirit of the most powerful news organization of the world. Indeed, it is Walter P. Phillips the United Press is indebted more than to any other influence for its marvelous development and its splendid service. Mr. Phillips was educated to the telegraph business, and is still an expert operator. He entered journalism in 1870, and after working for several newspapers became connected with the United Press in 1883. It was then a weak organization and served only a few newspapers. Under his experienced touch, however, it assumed larger proportions and gradually encroached on the territory of the New York Associated Press, until a few years ago, virtually controlled the press service of the United Press. About a year ago Mr. Phillips concluded that the United Press was strong enough to measure strength with its formidable competitor, and a battle royal began. The struggle was settled. It was through Mr. Phillips and General William A. H. H. Phillips of the Western Press, that negotiations with the southern papers were conducted. The United Press and the Western Press are in practical combination, and their ownership is almost identical. Mr. Phillips controls the business of his organization from New York and is held in the highest esteem by the newspaper editors throughout the United States and the responsibility of his position is not less marked than are those of the president of the United States.



A large delegation of Savannahians spent yesterday in Atlanta. Some came on one mission and others on something else. Major Peter Meldrim had a case in the supreme court. It was his first visit since the adjournment of the legislature. During the closing days of the fall session he was busy on railroad legislation. He did more work on the general railroad bill passed by the general assembly than any member. It is considered a first-class law too. Major Meldrim is one of Georgia's best lawyers. He is a member of the United States Supreme Court and the responsibility of his position is not less marked than are those of the president of the United States.

Representative Charters, of Lumpkin, is in the city looking around over his old stamping grounds at the statehouse.

Judge Hamilton McWhorter, of the Northern Association, will resume work on the bench in March. The judge was here yesterday and showed no signs of his long and severe illness last year. However, he has not been able to occupy the bench. Early in the spring he will exchange circuits with Judge Smith, of the southern part of the state and he will hold court again.

Some lawyers were chatting of cases of mistaken identity and Judge McWhorter related that that was as interesting as he and the principals were dogs. Several years ago a brother of the judge's died. He had a fine Irish setter dog which was very fond of him. The judge's father took the dog after his son's death and petted the animal and made a great deal of it. The dog was named Fox and was a splendid animal for hunting.

After six years of constant petting as any dog ever had, a friend of the family, who lived fifteen miles away, borrowed Fox for a season of hunting. Time passed and the friend was not heard from. One day after Fox had been absent for six months a dog came along that looked exactly like Fox.

Colonel McWhorter took the dog in and found that it was sick and poor. He supposed that Fox had run away from the friend who had been set free well, doctored up and was soon fat and sleek. He answered to the name of Fox and all the family rejoiced at his return. A year and a half more passed and the letter came from the friend who had borrowed Fox, apologizing for keeping him so long and promising to send him home on a certain date. Colonel McWhorter thought that his friend was joking and was not inclined at first to pay any attention to the letter.

He had an idea that his friend had lost Fox and after this long time would think that the family had forgotten him and return another dog in his place.

Finally, though the friend returned an Irish setter and it was Fox and no mistake. The impostor was hustled off in short order.

Mr. John C. Hallman, of Huntsville & Hallman, received a letter a few days ago from an old creditor living in Sweden. The letter contained \$30, the amount of a bill of goods bought fifteen years ago.

Back in the seventies, a colony of Swiss came over and settled in North Carolina. One of these brought \$50 worth of goods from Mr. Hallman and was not able to pay for them when he left the country. Every year the man would write saying that he intended to pay the bill as soon as he could spare the money. At last he writes that he has finally been able to settle and sent the amount of the bill.

Cases of this kind are rare and they incline us to believe that there are honorable people in the world still," said Mr. Hallman yesterday.

The Buffalo Express.

The family living next door to little Beas had a new baby. A few days after it was born she was allowed to go over to see it. When she returned she gave her husband a detailed description of it. "Is it a boy or a girl?" he asked. "What a ridiculous question! Of course they don't know yet. They can't tell until it's baptised."

The Decline Moment.

From The Buffalo Express.

The family living next door to little Beas had a new baby. A few days after it was born she was allowed to go over to see it. When she returned she gave her husband a detailed description of it. "Is it a boy or a girl?" he asked. "What a ridiculous question! Of course they don't know yet. They can't tell until it's baptised."

The hump-backed mule and the starved car have resumed their funeral procession on the Washington street line.

The stamp clerk at the postoffice says he doesn't see any of the new stamps. He says the stamps are all gone.

Thed Hammond, of the Markham, says he is perfectly willing to see the winter broke up.

Some of us don't have to go to the altar to see a fair rebel. We have plenty of them in our houses, as thoroughly unrepentant as ever. But they are distinguished and harmless as doves.

Mr. H. H. Corson, of Chattanooga, who is prominently identified with the Thomson-Houston electric light systems in the south, is at the Aragon.

Spring appears to have been pushing winter so hard he pushed him off his regular track and thus he came to dump his snow on the sunny south.

The hump-backed mule and the

LOVE'S EMBRACE,

Plantini and Selita Muegge
Wanted to Die.

ALL-CONSUMING, FATAL LOVE,

Could Find No Union of
Hearts in Life,

WENT TO BE UNITED IN DEATH

Put a Bullet in Pretty Miss
Muegge's Head and Then Shoots Him-
self—Both Still Living.The arms about the woman he
loved, and her soft, round arms encircling
his, Selita Muegge, put
her head into his and sent another
bullet into his own brain.The warm life blood commingled,
hearts beat together. A crimson
glow rushed from each of the wounds,
and the last embrace tightened.They were dying together, and
the last embrace tightened.In life by barriers that no
power could destroy, they had
found the union in death for which their
hearts longed.In room 29 at the Metropolitan
hotel at 6 o'clock last night.The couple had crept away from
the hotel where both lived, but where
they were forbidden them even ex-
changing a tender, loving glance.The wife, forgotten was the old mother
who, forgotten for the time was
the death they sought they saw
to which all earthly obstacles
were removed.They lay in the same coffin," they
said. "and plant ivy on our graves,"
Selita was said. Just a minute and
they would be inseparably united. For
they looked into each other's
eyes with a firm hand Plantini
in an ugly bulldog revolver to Se-
lita's temple. She did not flinch.The steel touched her warm flesh,
and then they had ever been in all
before, they faced each other
in a dreadful moment. The finger
of the trigger barely moved.There was a sharp, quick report. The
woman fell back, but her lover
was holding her in his arms.The softness of lightning he turned
the revolver to his own
temple. Another loud report, and the two
went speechless side by side.A flood of blood flooded the snow
floor. Not a groan or a sigh ex-
ceeded the couple. Lying in their own
blood, the sound of the re-
volver ringing in their ears, the two
lapsed into unconsciousness.Three minutes after the
shots were fired, the police
arrived. They found the couple
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mon about his actions. He went to Will
Sevier, a bright young Italian carver em-
ployed at the place, and in whom he had
taken the greatest interest, and watched
him work for awhile.

"Will," he said, "did you do that fruit
work?" The young carver replied with a
flush of pride that he did.

"That's good," said Umberto Plantini,
who is an expert in the business, and
whose opinion on such matters is valu-
able; "you are making fine progress, and I
am proud of you."

He hesitated a moment and stood as
if undecided whether he would go or stay.
Suddenly he turned to Sevier and held
out his hand.

"Goodby, Will," he said; "goodby, old
fellow." Plantini gave the young fel-
low's hand a hearty wring and left the
place.

As Man and Wife.

From his office Plantini must have gone
directly to meet the object of his deep
love. Nothing is known of his move-
ments from the time he left 44 Courtland
avenue until he registered at the Metro-
politan hotel.

About half-past 3 o'clock Plantini and
Miss Muegge walked into the office of the
hotel and went directly to the register.

They came in from the entrance on
Pryor street, next to the railroad. It
was the time for the Central road train,
and Mr. Keith supposed the couple had
reached the city on that train.

"I want a room for myself and wife
until tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock,"
said he. "We wish to leave on the 7
o'clock train."

He picked up the pen and wrote in a
slanting but firm hand, "Umberto Plan-
tini and wife." They said they were not
particular about the room being very ele-
gant. Mr. Keith assigned them to room
29 on the third floor. The room is on the
Pryor street side of the hotel, and is
rather plainly furnished. There are two
beds in the room.

The Two Shots.

Plantini and Miss Muegge went to their
room and did not appear again in the
hotel office. Nothing more was thought
of them, as it was thought they were tired
from their day's travel and were resting.

At a quarter to 6 o'clock two ringing
reports were heard on the upper floor in
the direction of the room occupied by the
couple. The sharp reports were heard
in every part of the house and a half
dozen negroes went running up the stair-
way.

All was still. Not a sound disturbed
the quiet on the floor. The negroes were
frightened and ran as hurriedly down
the stairway as they had ascended it.

One of them ran like the wind to the
police station a block below. All was ex-
citement at the hotel. No one knew the
significance of the two pistol shots. At
the police station Callman Beavers waited
but an instant to hear the story of the
excited negro and started out for the
hotel. A half block away he overtook
Patrolman Jordan, and the two officers
went together to the hotel office.

The office and hallways were filled with
an excited throng of boarders and em-
ployees of the hotel. It was but the work
of an instant to show the officers to the
upper floor where the shooting had oc-
curred two minutes before.

Mr. Charles Keith, who had just en-
tered the office a minute ahead of the po-
licemen, went with the officers to the
room.

The crowd followed, all a-tremble with
excitement and curiosity. The deathly
stillness was puzzling. No one knew what
to make of it.

"Be careful," said Mr. Keith; "you may
get shot."

The door of room 29 was slightly ajar.
Patrolman Beavers cautiously ap-
proached the door and peeped in. To the
right and to the left was a bed.

At first the officer saw nothing. Glanc-
ing about the room for an instant, he
suddenly recoiled with a cry of horror.

A horrible, frightful, sickening sight
met his eyes.

Lying on the bed to the left of the door,
locked in each other's arms, their heads
lying in a pool of blood and upon a blood-
stained pillow, their faces reposeful and
calm in expression, were a beautiful
young woman and a handsome man.

A smoking bulldog revolver lay on the
floor beside the bed.

Patrolmen Beavers and Jordan and Mr.
Keith entered the room without a word.
Instinctively they surveyed the room
with their eyes as they entered. The
thought of an assassin lurking behind
the doorway waiting to escape presented
itself instantly to their minds. The room
was empty save for the presence of the
pair locked in each other's embrace.

The men turned to the bloody scene on
the bed. The two figures were as still
as if already dead. They made no move
and were apparently suffering no pain.

Beavers bent over the man and shook
him by the arm. The man turned his

head toward the officer. He was con-
scious. The officer asked his name.

"Is she your wife?" Beavers asked.

He shook his head feebly, and a fresh
tremor of blood rushed from his ear.

He closed his eyes and made no further
sign. The woman was unconscious, and
appeared as peaceful and still as if sleeping.

Her magnificently beautiful face was hor-
ribly beautiful still in its crimson setting
of blood. Her soft drooping eyelids cov-
ered her sweet, languorous eyes. The ten-
der purity of the face was beautiful to see.

It was an ideally pretty face, the soft,
sublime expression of a woman who had
done no wrong resting like a smile upon it.
There was not a suggestion of pain in it.
Nor a suggestion of sin or wrong.

A minute after the officers entered the
room a core of people rushed up, and pressed
inside the room where the bloody couple
lay. Police Captain Thompson and Chief
Connolly were among the first arrivals.

These officers quickly cleared the room, and
seeing the man and woman were still living,
sent for a physician.

Drs. Hubbard and McRae responded in
five minutes' time. They found the man
able to talk, but in a desperate condition.
The young woman was unconscious still.

The doctor turned away his head. There
was enough to make the strongest heart
turn sick. Men long accustomed to sights
of blood and suffering turned shud-
dering away from the bedside. Chief
Connolly turned away his head.

"For eighteen years I have been used to
horrible sights," said he, "but I have never
seen anything like that."

Men who saw the bloody sight turned
away and fell fainting. More than one
man had to be led from the room.

He left the room behind them.

While the physicians were busy them-
selves attending the wounded pair, the
officers were solving the mystery sur-
rounding the shooting. When asked his name,
Plantini pointed to the table in the center
of the room. On the table were found two
letters. On top of them was a sheet of

paper bearing the words in a big, bold
hand: "Deliver these letters to our pa-
rents."

The first letter was directed to F. Plan-
tini, father of the young man. It was
sealed. It read:

January 24, 1893.—In this moment that we
write this letter, I am happy. In an hour and a half
we will be dead. We believe that we will
be united after death as we are now united in
life.

Please bury us in the same coffin—this is our
last request. Bury us in Oakland cemetery
and plant ivy on our graves.

The other letter was addressed to Plan-
tini's mother-in-law, and was written in
Italian. It was translated by a friend of
Plantini as follows:

Accept my last regards, for one hour from
now I will be dead. I am happy. In an hour and a half
we will be dead. We believe that we will
be united after death as we are now united in
life.

My dear Aunt, I have almost run me crazy,
after I had pawned my jewelry I didn't have
enough. One kiss from my hand and goodby.

When the officers read this dramatic ex-
planation of the attempted suicide, they
were too much overcome by their con-
flicting thoughts and emotions to utter a
word.

The doctors busied themselves probing
for the balls in the heads of the wounded
pair. While they were engaged in this,
Patrolman Beavers went to the home of
Selita Muegge, 400 South Pryor street, and
at 400 South Pryor street. The scene
there when the news was broken to the
parents was indescribable. The mother fell
in her husband's arms, and the pretty young
girl, the sounder girl, went hysterical.

Probing the Wounds.

Drs. Glass, McKee and Hubbard did all
they could to make the two sufferers easy
until they could send for their surgeon in
instrumental aid. Miss Muegge was found to be
the least seriously wounded of the two.
The ball had entered her left ear, but had
not penetrated to the brain.

She began to rally after an hour, and
opening her eyes began to talk. She said
nothing of the shooting, but begged that
no one be allowed to enter the room. Her
wound was dressed and she was made com-
fortable.

Any amount of probing failed to locate
the bullet in Plantini's head. After a half
an hour's fruitless probing the physicians
decided that the only way to save the
man was to remove his head. Plantini's condition
they pronounced dangerous to the last de-
gree. The ball had entered his right ear.
It was of 38 caliber.

Two hours after the shooting Plantini
was removed to the Grady hospital. He
was unconscious and showed no signs of
suffering.

Miss Muegge was carried to her home,
400 South Pryor street. She begged pit-
ifully not to be carried home as she was be-
ing placed in the ambulance, but her cries
were of no avail. She declared that her
mother would know.

Although they had been notified imme-
diately after the shooting, not one of the re-
latives of the pair went near the scene of
the killing. They waited at home until
the city ambulance bore home the form of
pretty Selita Muegge.

A few hours before she had left home to
come up town shopping. At that time her
face bore no shadow of the impending cat-
astrophe. She appeared as light-hearted
and happy as she always appeared. Some-
where uptown she had met Plantini by
appointment, and had gone with him to
her room.

Her reception at home last night may be
imagined, never described. No pen can
paint the picture in all its living colors.
Tears and remonstrances were of no avail.
Mute and silent, rendered dumb by the
very awfulness of the affair, they watched
the writhing form of the light of that house-
hold brought in and laid upon her couch.

From the moment when her husband
had so lately been, there stood the awak-
ened wife of the man who had
done this awful thing. Just now she had
opened her eyes to the truth, and who
knew a bitter feeling than that which
comes to a woman who learns that the man
she loves has died for another.

Who Plantini Is.

F. Plantini, the father of the would-be
suicide, is a wealthy man. He is a native
of Italy and possessed of a fine educa-
tion. He has a comfortable home at 400
Pryor street.

He married Mrs. Muegge five years ago.
She had three daughters, of whom Selita
was the eldest. The two youngest are the
prettiest of young women. Elsie is seven-
teen, and Emma is twelve. Their father
was a German from Strasburg. They are
natives of New Jersey. Selita only came to
Atlanta last June, and took up her home
with her step father. She was thrown
daily with Umberto Plantini, and their
deathless passion dated from their first
meeting. Plantini's wife did not matter so
long as the love affair was kept secret from
her. She never suspected the truth. Last
night's terrible affair brought her the first
intimation of the attachment that existed
between her husband and his pretty step-
sister.

Mrs. Muegge was wealthy in her own
right before she was married to Plantini,
and consequently her daughters would have
been handsomely provided for. Their beau-
tiful was something remarkable and has fre-
quently been commented upon.

Neuralgia headaches promptly cured by
Bromo-Laxative—trial bottle 10c.

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KENDRICK RESIGNS.

No Longer Captain of the Gate City
Guard.

HIS RESIGNATION ACCEPTED AT LAST

Lieutenant Roberts Is Also Out of the
Company—Gossip Among the Mil-
itary Companies of the City.The resignation of Captain William J.
Kendrick, of the Gate City Guards, was ac-
cepted by the company last night at the reg-
ular weekly meeting.It had been before the company for more
than a week. In fact, Captain Kendrick
had told the members of the company in
December that he would regretfully resign
the captaincy of the company about the first
of the new year.At once the members gathered about their
head officer and made every entreaty that
he should continue in the position he had so
ably filled. They begged him to think no
more of his avowed purpose and brought
many influences to bear upon him to dis-
suade him from the intention he had inad-
visedly made. This made it all the more
difficult for him to really resolve to pull out
of the active service which he had so faith-
fully pursued for the past two years.But he has had many things to make him
lose heart in the tedious routine of rigid
service for the past month or two. It must
be stated, however, that he has had nothing
to make him lose interest in his company,
nor profound fondness for each and every
member. Business relations and increased
labor at his daily routine of work were chief
among the reasons for him to resign.The resignation of Captain Kendrick was
sent to the company at the last regular meet-
ing a week ago in due form, but was tabled
there because of the intention of the mem-
bers of the company to go to him and
bring further influence to bear upon him
for a withdrawal of his resignation. These
entreaties were of no avail and last night the
members of the company reluctantly ac-
cepted the resignation. They appointed a
committee to draw resolutions of regret
and Captain Kendrick will hereafter be
connected with the Gate City Guards only
as an honorary member.He has been captain of the guards for the
last year and more. Since he took the
guidance of the company he has led the boys
through the drills most excellently and for
this reason the splendid condition of the
company is no wonder. Captain Kendrick took
his company through the encampment last
year winning the second place for general
excellence over many of the crack companies
of the state.General regret seems to prevail among the
members of the company at the resignation
of their captain. The members say they
will go slow about the election of a new
captain. They have not given the matter
any thought as yet and will not be in any
hurry to select a new officer. All rumors
about the company falling to pieces are
denied by the company.Lieutenant Roberts, too.
First Lieutenant Charles Roberts has also
sent in his resignation to the Guard. He
submitted it to the company last night and
it was accepted with the same spirit in which
it was given. Lieutenant Roberts says
since he and his father went into business
together, he has had but little time to de-
vote to his military service. He was sorry
to sever his connection with the com-
pany in the company with which he had been
identified with it for the past few years
and regrets that he will hereafter for re-
asons named be compelled to be only an hon-
orary member of the company.Kitties—Coming to Washington.
There is no doubt now about the Atlanta
Rifles taking the trip to Washington.
They are determined to see Grover Cleve-
land take his seat as president of the
United States. The boys are going to
have a great trip of it. They have arranged
even this early to make every arrange-
ment for a lovely time.The Hibernal Rifles have not as yet
elected their officers for the permanent or-
ganization of the company.
It will be remembered that this excel-
lent though young company was recently
admitted to the ranks of the state's volun-
teer forces and that the company has been
in the city of its officers for some
time. The official orders of the adjutant
general have not yet been received by the
company admitting them to the state mil-
itia, owing to the delay of the secretary of
the Hibernal Rifles in sending the
minutes of the last meeting to be endor-
sed by the governor and the adjutant gen-
eral.The Hibernal Rifles will hardly get
thence in order to go to Washington for the
inauguration, but are beginning to make
many preparations for the celebration of St.
Patrick's day, which will be on a much
grander scale this year than ever before
by the Hibernal Rifles of Atlanta.Croup is prevented by the timely use of Dr.
Bull's Cough Syrup, the mother friend.

"THE JUNIOR PARTNER."

Chas. Frohman's Great Comedy Success Will
Be Here Tonight."The Junior Partner" comes heralded with
a guarantee that it is the original New York
cast.The ovation that the company received last
week in New Orleans, and the strong endor-
sement of every critic in that city, coupled
with the news from Mobile of the excellence
of the company and a telegram from man-
ager Tannenberg, give assurance of a suc-
cessful treat. With such a cast as Henry Miller,
Hugo Toland, Thomas W. Ryley, Mrs. Rankin,
May Irvin, Emily Bauckner and Phyllis Ran-
kin a performance such as is rarely seen in
Atlanta is assured. Manager Charles Froh-
man never sent such an excellent company
south and this is only a forerunner for "Men
and Women," and the other attractions. Mr.
Frohman is to send us. Although business

great mass of our members are struggling to support their families from their short and low-priced crops? Is the college just at this time in a great strait, gasping for money to keep up and preserve its existence? Let

PRICE'S

Baking Powder.

Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.
 s—40 Years the Standard.

may add that Michigan and West Virginia lumbermen declared that the climate of that region of Louisiana was, at all seasons, more agreeable to them than the atmospheric phenomena of their own homes.

JAMES R. RANDALL.

An Ovation to Crouch.

Washington, January 24.—(Special).—There was a notable event in theatrical circles at Albaugh's theater last night when, after a retirement of forty-five years, Professor Crouch, composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen," appeared as conductor of his music as sung by J. K. Murray, in the Irish drama, "Gibson De Lough." The famed composer was greeted by a storm of applause and after he had retired under the stage the audience erupted him, huck again with loud cries of "Jrouchi! Crouch! Crouch!" and it third encore of the song had to be given. A beautiful floral harp was presented to Mrs. Murray, who in turn presented it to the old composer, while the audience again stormed with applause. It was a grand ovation to the aged minstrel, who bowed and sang a few years with courtesy grace. He will visit Atlanta.

10,500,000
SINGER MACHINES
SOLD.
EVERY TRADE SUPPLIED
WITH A MACHINE FITTED FOR
ITS PECULIAR NEEDS.

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IN EVERY CITY IN THE WORLD.

THE VERY LATEST
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TEAM AND POWER FITTINGS
CONSULT ON HAND.
Estimates carefully and cheerfully made
upon application.

HAVE YOUR WATCHES REPAIRED

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J. P. Stevens & Bro.,

JEWELERS,

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oscar pepper
whisky,
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whisky,
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bottled beer.
bluthenthal & bickart,
44, 46, 48 marietta street,
atlanta, georgia.

Do you want a

BUGGY,
PHAETON,
SURREY,
CARRIAGE,
ROAD WAGON,
SPRING WAGON,
DELIVERY WAGON,
FARM WAGON,
FLOAT,
DRAY OR
ROAD CART?
WE ARE HEADQUARTERS.

STANDARD WAGON CO.,
WALTON STREET,
BACK OF POST-OFFICE.

Is it well

With Your Kidneys

Few appreciate the constant duties performed by the kidneys, yet fewer appreciate how easily these important organs are deranged.

An important function of the kidneys is to eliminate urea, uric acid and other waste products which so quickly poison the whole system if left to course through the blood.

When the kidneys become diseased and fail to discharge their important functions, the skin, liver, bowels and lungs undertake the work of elimination—a work these organs are unfitted to perform.

It is readily understood that with this unnatural condition of things the whole body will soon become diseased, and death, alas! will too often follow.

"Keep the kidneys in good tone and you will preserve your health" is a motto worth remembering.

Stuart's Gin and Buchu

is a true kidney tonic. Quickly taken up by the blood and filtered out by the little kidney tubes, it is consequently directly applied to the affected spots. Sold by all druggists.
Jan 1-17 n r m

Liebig COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

The standard for purity, flavor and wholesomeness. Its quality never varies and it is the same today as when first put up by its inventor, the great chemist, Justus von Liebig, whose signature it bears thus:

Justus von Liebig

It is the pure essence of meat broth of condensed Beef Tea, free from fat or gelatine, and indispensable

In Improved and
Economic Cookery.

—OFFICE OF—

A. HOLZMAN,
Jeweler and Diamond Setter,
47 Whitehall Street, (Up-stairs).
Special attention to out of town orders.

That elegant polished interior cabinet work, beautiful in design, mechanical in construction in quartered oak and cherry is just the proper thing and all the style at present. We have just finished off several of the most elegant residences on Peachtree street and are getting ready to put in the elaborate and costly interior work for the Seminole Club House in Jacksonville, Fla. MAYMANTEL CO., 115-117 W. Mitchell Street.

BROU'S INJECTION

A PERMANENT CURE
of the most obstinate cases of Gonorrhea and "Bleedings" used in from 8 to 10 days no other treatment required and without the annoying results of dosing with Quinine, Cocaine or Salicylic Acid. Sold by all druggists. J. Brou, (Successor to Brou), Philadelphia, Pa.

nov25 dly wed

IT IS NUTALL.

The Jury Grants a Total Divorce to
Mrs. Dale.

A VERDICT IN FAVOR OF THE PLAINTIFF

The Trial of Nutall for Bigamy Is the Next Thing in Order—Conduct of the Parties in the Courtroom.

It is no longer Dale but Nutall. The verdict of the jury was rendered in the courtroom of Judge Marshall J. Clarke yesterday afternoon.

The defendant was not on trial for any crime, but the whole subject was opened up by the suit of Mrs. Dale for a divorce from her husband, and the granting of that divorce hinged upon the identity of "Parson Dale."

In deciding the case in favor of Mrs. Dale yesterday afternoon, the jury practically decided that Dale was not himself, but Nutall, an ex-gambler, and, according to the evidence, a man of wonderful duplicity. It is perhaps the most remarkable case of mistaken identity that was ever tried in Georgia.

The characters of the two men were diametrically different. Dale was a Baptist, preacher and for a long time a man who carried himself without reproach in this community. The other was a gambler and a fast citizen whose influence was calculated to undermine the cause of pure morality. It now appears from the verdict of the jury rendered yesterday that the gambler and the preacher are the same man.

Arguments Before the Jury.
The argument of the case before the jury was commenced yesterday morning immediately after the assembling of the court.

Judge Hammond opened the argument in behalf of the plaintiff, Mrs. Dale, or rather Mrs. Smith as she prefers to be called. He was followed by Judge Anderson, who spoke in behalf of the defendant, who also spoke for the defendant. The case was concluded by Judge Hammond. The argument was exhaustive and was ably and warmly conducted on both sides. The charge of the court was short and carefully delivered and the matter was in the hands of the jury by half after 12 o'clock.

Mrs. Dale Was Silent.
The verdict was announced in just one hour after that time, and the plaintiff—Mrs. Dale—was happy.

Like a modest woman she refused to allow herself to be interviewed. She kept her feelings to herself and only allowed them to go only so far as to say by her look that she was satisfied.

"It is just as I expected," was all she would say, and with that she walked out of the courtroom accompanied by her sister. The "parson," however, appeared to be flurried, and he manifested his feelings by a very decided look. He is now under a very heavy bond of his trial for bigamy will come up in one of the adjoining counties in a few weeks.

Travel With a Friend
who will protect you from those enemies—nausea, indigestion, malaria and the sickness produced by rocking on the waves, and sometimes by inland traveling over the rough beds of ill laid railroads. Such a friend is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Ocean mariners, yachtsmen, commercial and theatrical agents and tourists testify to the protective potency of this effective safeguard, which conquers also rheumatism, nervousness and biliousness.

JOHN GOT MARRIED.

And Was Presented with Two Wagon Loads of Groceries by the Relief Committee.

Councilman John McWaters and Mr. Charley Jones had perhaps the rarest experience of any of the gentlemen who were engaged in the work of distributing help to the poor.

Sunday afternoon these two gentlemen had charge of a wagon together and many loads of provisions and clothing they delivered to deserving poor. The name of John Jones, of 56 McDonnell street, was given them and they started to the place.

They had some difficulty in finding the number designated, and inquired of some one near by "Where could they find No. 56?"

"It's the one down here," said a youth pointing toward the place, "and if you fellows will hurry up you'll see a wedding, cause John Jones is gettin' tied up terday."

They stopped in front of 56 and John Jones, a white man who follows the occupation of carpenter, came out. He was not richly dressed, but he was not on the extreme ragged edge by any means.

"What about getting married, John?" asked Mr. Jones.

"I've been a-thinkin' about it," replied Mr. John Jones, "an' I'm mighty glad to see you people come, cause I need help."

Mr. McWaters and Mr. Jones delivered a liberal allowance of provisions to the groom, and after they had done so he said: "Gentlemen, if you had got here about ten minutes sooner you could have been at the wedding." I just got married before you drove up.

The two dispensers of charity offered their congratulations. They related the incident when the returned to headquarters and Patrolmen Sewell and Ivy said that they had not left the house ten minutes when the other gentlemen arrived. So the bride and groom were twice supplied.

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.

Is your blood poor? Take Beecham's Pills.

OLD-TIME NOTIONS.

They Operate to the Detriment of a Great Many People—How Modern Methods Conquer and Practical Ideas Gain Supremacy.

There are a great many people who are suffering from diseases peculiar to their sex, skin, blood, nervous and private troubles who hesitate about going to the office of Dr. Hathaway & Co. for treatment solely because they have the prejudice created by old-fashioned ideas, on the subject of medical advertising.

If these people would think a moment they would easily see that there is not a feature about the methods of Dr. Hathaway & Co. which does not recommend itself to every practical, level-headed person. In this country where an individual, a firm or a corporation has a good thing they want everybody to know it. That's business.

There is no reason why practitioners in medicine should not let the world know what they can do for their patients, and the best way to do that is to do it honestly and fairly through the columns of the newspapers as advertisers. Doctors who profess to have a horror of advertising are generally pretty good advertisers themselves, but they are not honorable advertisers, inasmuch as they secure their advertising in a surreptitious manner by all kinds of expedients and in ways that are much more reprehensible than sincere, candid, open talking through advertising mediums.

Dr. Hathaway & Co. are qualified by the best training, by years of experience and by daily practice with hundreds of patients to treat diseases peculiar to men and women, as well as practice medicine generally, and they have arranged their system of fees on so low a scale as to place their services within the reach of everybody. They charge a nominal fee per month and furnish medicines free, thus saving the patient the cost of a drug bill, which very often is the most expensive feature of medical treatment. You are earnestly invited to call at their office, 22 1-2 South Broad street, rooms 53 and 54, Inman building, and investigate the methods of treatment. Notice to Bookkeepers.

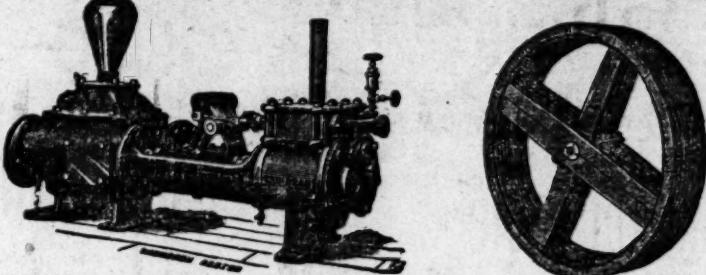
Somers' English steel pens are the best for general use. They have hard ground points and will outlast three ordinary pens. Recommended by Sullivan & Crichton's Business College. For sale by John M. Miller and W. B. Glover & Co.

BECK & GREGG HARDWARE CO., ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

SUPPLIES FOR RAILROADS,
Machine Shops, Mills, Mines, Factories and Contractors

IRON PIPE & FITTINGS

Brass, Iron and Water Valves, Inspirators, Injectors, Jet Pumps, Rubber and Leather Belting



Deane Steam Pumps, Reeves Wood Split Pulleys

STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES

Our Mr. Maier has just returned from New York where he purchased the largest stock of

STERLING SILVER NOVELTIES

Suitable for Euchre Prizes, Wedding, Engagement and Birthday Presents ever shown in Atlanta. We cordially invite you to call and see them.

MAIER & BERKELE,

31 and 93 Whitehall Street.

IF YOU ARE

In search of the Greatest Bargains in Furniture ever shown in Atlanta,

CALL AT OUR STORE DURING THE COMING WEEK!

The best solid Oak French Bevel Glass Suits on earth for \$15 and \$20 spot cash. See them.

Our warerooms are packed with the largest and most artistic assortment of beautiful furniture to be found in the Gate City. Two carloads of Oval and Serpentine shaped French Glass Suits just placed on our floors with fifty handsome sideboards and chiffoniers.

These goods have been reduced fully 25 per cent in price. Our store will be filled with eager buyers.

\$300 Suits cut to \$150 and \$175. \$250 Suits cut to \$125 and \$150.

\$200 Suits cut to \$100 and \$175.

Sideboards, Hatracks, Bookcases, Folding Beds, Office Desks, Glass door wardrobes, Brass and Metal Beds, cut almost to half price.

THESE GOODS MUST GO!

Parties contemplating housekeeping can save big money.

Over eight hundred Chamber, Parlor and dining room suits to select from.

\$150 Folding Bed for \$75. \$300 Dining Suit, \$150. \$65 Chiffonier Suit, \$35.

Biggest Bargains on Earth.

P. H. Snook & Son.

POSTPONEMENT !!!

ON ACCOUNT OF THE HEAVY SNOW

THE AUCTION

—OF—

THE DRESDEN

has been postponed until next Monday, the 23d instant, at 10:30 a. m. From that date until all the stock, consisting of the largest line of Dinner Sets, Tea Sets, Chamber Sets, Cut Glass, Etc., Etc., is disposed of, this auction will be continued daily,

10:30 A. M. 2:30 P. M.

Don't fail to attend this sale.

THE DRESDEN,

37 Whitehall Street.

THE WILLSON WHISKY COMPANY

WHOLESALE.

41 Peachtree Street, Telephone 1006.

STORE AND WAREHOUSE complete with pure and unadulterated goods from reputable distillers. Special attention given orders submitted for shipment by rail-road freight or express.

HARRY HILL, Secretary.

A CHINA HOUSE.

We sell the finest

China Goods made.

They are imported direct

from European

factories.

Everybody can find

just what they desire

at our store.

China and Cut Glass

are our specialties.

DOBBS, WEY & CO.,

61 Peachtree Street, Atlanta, Ga.

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Don't Look



IN THAT OLD KIT OF YOURS FOR A SMALL OUTLAY BRIDGE OVER THE SEASON NICE LOOKING, WE HAVE SUITS, EXTRA PANTS COAT, WHICH WE ARE OFFERING AT SUCH LOW PRICES. LET US HELP YOU SHIP UP THE SEASON CLAD.

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